

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

SKATING

Now people think that I
can't skate.
Because I am too small.
But if they'd give me
half a chance
I'd fool them, one and all.

My biggest brother
writes his name
Upon the ice real well.
But I could do the same
thing if
I just knew how to spell.

—H.B. Levering

A Little Lost Boy In War Time

ONE day last spring the little town of Ro-de-la-Somme, in France, was unexpectedly shelled by the Germans, and a Canadian chaplain describes the scene as he saw it. War was going on as usual, mothers were busy in the homes, children playing on the streets. In a few moments all was wild confusion, everyone seeking safety, mothers rushing wildly about searching for their children who had been at play. Some found themselves lost.

Among the number who was not found was a little lad about eight years old named Julien Deaux. He was playing football when the shells came among them and ran with the others for safety. One of the British curriers a few weeks later when coming from Boulogne saw a little fellow, dirty, half naked and lonely about three miles from town. He seemed lost, and he was. It was Julien Deaux. He told the chaplain that he had never seen his mother since he was playing on the square that day; he was the only child of his parents. Can you imagine the broken-hearted mother hunting for the little lad while



He had not seen his mother since the day of the battle. He wandered about among the troops for three months. The chaplain took him to the Chief of Police and they are trying to hunt up Julien's mother. The police wanted to keep him meantime, but he got a firm grasp on the chaplain's leg and emphatically declared that he was going to stay with "mon capitaine." He is staying; if his parents can be found he will be restored to them—if not the chaplain will see that he has a good home.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

DIAMOND.
My first is a consonant.
My second is a slippery fish.
My third is a tart fruit.
My fourth is used in an open fire place.
My fifth is a consonant.
HIDDEN PIECES OF JEWELRY.
Come, child, embrace Letty and then go to bed.
A gale of wind blew at China's coast, causing much damage.
To say "The latch ain't fixed" is poor grammar.
The General commanded that the Dutch arm themselves against the enemy.
A certain tower in Greece has stood for centuries.
Last week you could hear ringing in the midnight stillness, the New Year Bells.

Answers.
L
eel
lemon
log
n

HIDDEN PIECES OF JEWELRY:
Bracelet, Watch, Chain, Charm, Ring, Earrings.

THE ALARM CLOCK THAT DIDN'T GO OFF

ONE autumn morning, just as the pink glow in the West told of another day Mr. Squirrel, in his sleeping porch of dead leaves, lay up in the topmost branches of a big hickory, opened first one eye and then the other.

He gave a jump when he saw how late it was, and that he had overslept himself.

He had never bought an alarm clock for he had always depended on Mr. Red Head, a woodpecker neighbor, to wake him up just at daybreak. But, this particular morning Mr. Red Head failed to come as he had to stay at home and help Mrs. Red Head feed the five little Red Head babies who had taken the place of the five small eggs of the day before.

So Mr. Squirrel's alarm clock, the rattling drum-beat of the woodpecker's bill, failed to go off that morning. He was awfully put out about sleeping so late, as he had planned to do a big day's work, and here it was almost sunrise and he wasn't even dressed! It was lucky he did not have a whole lot of clothes to put on and button up.

Once down on the ground he sat on his haunches, his little hands crossed meekly over his white fur vest. A quick glance around assured him there were no enemies in sight, so—now for breakfast!

Moving in long, graceful leaps over the dew-wet grass, he found a beautiful, crisp, white mushroom, all rosy pink on the under side. Biting this



Mr. Squirrel's alarm clock, off near the ground, so as not to waste a bit of it, he ran up on a dead log, half hidden in a clump of maiden-hair ferns. Holding, and turning the morsel in his hand-like paws, he nibbled and nibbled, until nothing was left but

his empty hands.

That mushroom certainly did taste good, cool and dripping with last night's dew; but his appetite wasn't quite satisfied. So he ran up the nearest tree, climbed, like a slack wire walker, way out on the tip end of a swaying, swinging branch, and secured a nut that was just ready to drop.

Perching himself on a big limb, where he had a clear view all around, he finished his breakfast.

With his long, front teeth, he cut a neat little opening on one side of the nut and, with these same front teeth, got out every bit of the meat, better than you could have done with the very best of nut picks!

Now, with breakfast over, he was all ready for his day's work.

What do you suppose that work could be?

Well, winter was coming on before long, and something whispered to him that the things he loved to eat were hard to find on cold, rainy days, and when the ground was all under the snow; and that a real wise squirrel would not forget to hide a whole lot

of nuts and acorns where he could easily find them later.

So whenever he saw a good, sound nut, the wormy ones he passed by with merely a sniff, he dug a little round hole among the grass roots, rolled in his nut, drew the earth quickly over it then patted it down firmly with his paws—just as quickly as possible—sure that none of the Blue Jay family saw where he had buried it. He then hopped away as unconcerned as if such a thing as hiding a nut had never entered his head. He had already stuffed the hollow limb in his home

tree with nuts and acorns; besides, he had hidden quite a lot in a crack between some rocks, plenty to last him through the winter, but he didn't stop, but worked on, day after day planting a nut here and an acorn yonder.

His business in life seemed to be to get everything storable under the ground just as quickly as possible—and then to look just as unconcerned as possible. How he manages to locate these buried nuts when the ground is covered with snow is one of the things Mr. Squirrel has never told us.

"Where he digs, he gets a nut," of nuts and acorns where he could easily find them later.

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Ruth and Mabel and Tommy had been having a really delightful time of it playing in the long narrow side street, with its tall, white wall that ran along one side. And Mousie, too, Tommy's black cat, had been enjoying the frolic.

Then, of a sudden, a man carrying several long, mysterious rolls of paper, a bucket of paste and a long-handled brush, came walking down the street and all play instantly ceased to watch him. He stopped presently at a place

in the wall which seemed to suit his purpose and, dipping his long-handled brush into the bucket, sloshed paste on the smooth surface of the wall and, unwinding his rolls, put up a huge poster, section by section.

The children watched him as he worked. It was most fascinating. Piece by piece the poster was put on; and it wasn't until the last piece had been fitted snugly into place that the children could read it.

Then they recognized the words "Fashion Show" just behind a dainty miss dressed in a flaring skirt, with a black-and-white-check band around the bottom of her skirt and a waist of the same amazing color and design.

His work finished, the man picked up his tools, lighted his pipe and went on down the street seeking another place on which to paste a poster.

AESOP'S RETOLD

GARRETT NEWKIRK

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STORY OF THE ONE-EYED DOE.



A ONE-EYED doe by the hunt-
er's aim
Had lost her fawn and mate;
Fearing to go in search of food,
Hers was a woeful state.

At last she found a place of grass
That looked on the open sea.
Over a steep protecting ledge,
With a land view wide and free.

She said, "the water front is safe
With its rolling surf and fogs;

I'll keep my eye to the landward side.
And watch for the men and dogs."

Then a boatman coming near the shore
With a high-strung bow let fly
A well aimed shaft, that pierced her heart

On the side of the blinded eye.
And so, on every side of life
'Tis well to be protected;
For injury is like to come
From a quarter not suspected.

tree with nuts and acorns; besides, he had hidden quite a lot in a crack between some rocks, plenty to last him through the winter, but he didn't stop, but worked on, day after day planting a nut here and an acorn yonder.

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Ruth and Mabel and Tommy stood before the big sheet, spellbound. And Mousie gravely took his place beside Tommy and stared up at it, too.

"What is a fashion show?" asked Tommy.

Ruth laughed. "Don't you know?" she said. And then, nudging Mabel, on her right, she added, "He doesn't know what a fashion show is, Mabel!" Then both of them laughed.

"Mee-yow!" cried Mousie. Perhaps he, also, was laughing, though surely

fashions?"

"Gracious, no!" cried both of the girls.

"Well, it's something I wear, isn't it?" insisted Tommy.

"Silly!" said Ruth. "Of course it is, but fashions, you see, are whether or not things you wear are in style. Now my shoes are the very latest fashion in shoes."

"And my jacket is, too," put in little Mabel. "My Mamma says so, and she ought to know because she bought it."

"I heard my Papa say that Mousie has lots of style—so is he fashions?" asked Tommy.

Ruth threw up her hands in despair. "My, did you ever see such a stupid boy!" she exclaimed. "Listen, Tommy; that is a new hat you have on, isn't it? And you wore a different one last year, didn't you? Well, why did your Mamma buy that new one for you this year?"

"Because the other was wore out— and Mousie dragged it down in the coal bin and got it all dirty."

"Mercy sakes!" cried Ruth. And Mabel echoed her cry.

"I could shake you, Tommy! Even if Mousie hadn't soiled your old hat your Mamma would have bought you this new one—because the old one was no longer in style and this one is."

Tommy grinned. "Oh, no she wouldn't!" he declared. "My Papa said he ought to spank me for wearing out my old hat so soon. And he said if I wore this one out I would have to go bareheaded next year. So—"

"Tommy," interrupted Ruth, in a despairing tone, "Don't you ever look at the fashions in a newspaper or any of the magazines your Mamma gets? Don't you see the pictures of the new kind of dresses and hats and shoes and coats people are going to wear?"

Tommy shook his head.

"Say, Ruth," he asked presently, "I heard my Mamma say your Mamma was fashionable. Did she say that because your Mamma wears fashions?"

Ruth smiled proudly. "Of course," she replied. "My Mamma wears all the latest fashions and—"

"Huh!" cried Tommy, triumphantly. "Huh! She does, does she! Well I never saw her dressed in any pictures! I'd like to see her wearing pictures out of a magazine—or anybody else in this cold weather! Now you think you know it all, don't you?"

And Tommy laughed and laughed until—well, until Ruth, very angry, stamped her tiny foot, grabbed Mabel by the arm and walked away in a great rage.

"What is a fashion show?" asked Tommy.

he couldn't have known, for they don't have fashion shows in Catland, you know.

Tommy repeated his question.

"Well," replied Ruth, "a fashion show is where they show fashions. Of course! What else could it be!"

Tommy thought for a while. Presently he looked up. "What are fashions?" he asked.

Mabel looked at Ruth and Ruth looked at Mabel. Both of them snickered.

"You tell him," said Ruth.

"Oh, no, you go ahead and tell him," insisted Mabel.

This time it was Ruth who thought a while before replying. "Well," she said finally, "Fashions are—fashions are what you wear."

"Huh!" exclaimed Tommy. "I've got a red flannel chest protector that my Mamma makes me wear—is that

Solution to Hare and Hound Puzzle.

